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My Good Friend, The Phoenix

phoenix   friend   fantasy

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Chapter 1 by Sydney

I woke up in a pool of sweat. Fear lurked through my body. Flames, surrounding me. Everywhere I looked there was smoke and fire. I quickly jumped up, remembering I had stashed a red ladder under my bed. I ran to the old scratched-up window in my bedroom with my ladder in my hand. I opened the window and nervously put down the ladder. I scaled the ladder rapidly. I jumped from the third rung onto the ground. I was twenty-six, in a house fire, and that was still fun.

As I was about to rush to the neighbors' house to dial 9-1-1, I heard a loud noise that sounded like wings flapping. I looked up.

Over my house was a large phoenix. This beast had wings much larger than an albatross's. Fiery orange raging flames covered its entire body. Eyes as red as fresh blood and claws as sharp as daggers. This phoenix was furious. This phoenix was ready for war.

Chapter 2 by Sydney   ✎

I watched in terror as flames engulfed my house. The phoenix was having a tantrum.

I didn't know what to do. My first instinct was to turn the creature into the cops. But what if this was the only phoenix alive. I didn't want to let a species go extinct simply because I was fond of my belongings. But then again, I didn't want the beast to continue its rampage and eventually destroy my neighborhood. Or worse, my city.

I was stuck.

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